

of his plan, Charles said: "We will finish with the trio from 'William Tell.'" The trio began. The old musician, who had all this time stood motionless, suddenly drew himself up to his full height, seized his stick and began beating time with such masterly precision that the young singers gathered fresh inspiration and fairly electrified their hearers. Charles was kept busy picking up the coins.

The crowd dispersed slowly when the concert was over, and the old man, in a voice that trembled, exclaimed: "Tell me your names, that my daughter may remember you in her prayers."

"My name is Faith," said the first artist. "And mine is Hope," said the second. "Then I am Charity," added the third, bringing up the hat, which was overflowing with money. The old man told them he was Chappner, once leader of the orchestra in Strasbourg, where "William Tell" was often given. He blessed the three young students and wound up his grateful speech with the words: "I predict that you will one day be famous."

"Amen," replied the three friends, and they continued their way gayly down the street.

The tenor's name was Gustave Roger. The violinist was Adolphe Hermann. The collector was Charles Gounod.

THE ANGEL OF THE DAKOTAS.

The following beautiful legend relates to the time of Father de Smet's labors among the Indians of the Northwest.

The sun, radiant with crimson, gradually sinks into golden glory, and completes the pageantry of a beautiful summer day in the picturesque land of the Dakotas. The distant hills slowly robe themselves in regal purple; lingering shadows float among the mists that brood over the prairie, and the star of evening twinkles in the darkening firmament. The twilight is full of fare-

well anthems to the king of day. But amid Nature's mystic chorus is heard a plaintive wail of human woe, a shriek of bitterest agony.

"Wildbird, my weak heart grows faint."

"Alas! so does mine, dear sister: but let us raise our souls to the Great Spirit. The Blackrobe told us he could deliver us from every ill; He is the Master of life and death. May he not save us from the Blackfeet's enmity?"

"Dread of the morrow's awful sacrifice makes me shiver, and my hopes waver as I look around upon the preparations. How our father and mother would have suffered had they heard the wild shouts that our cruel foes sent up when we were led into their camp!"

"Sister, repeat the story of Sebastian, and I will recount the martyrdom of Eulalia; and better yet, let us think of the sorrowing Mother, and the agony of Him who died to save us."

"'Tis well, wise one," answered Snowflake. "Begin with the story of the virgin martyr. It will beguile the time and inspire us with holy courage."

Thus conversed, in subdued tones, two maidens captured from a tribe of Dakotas by the treacherous Blackfeet, and bound hand and foot with ropes of buffalo hide to the trunk of a large pine tree.

Throughout the day some women of the hostile tribe had busied themselves with preparations for the morrow's death feast. Having cleared away the undergrowth, they had directed the braves to erect a pile of resinous wood on which to burn their innocent victims, while they gathered mint, wintergreen and pennyroyal, mingling them with twigs of birch, spice-bush and sassafras, to be thrown from time to time into the blazing logs.

At a late hour, wearied with their task, the squaws withdrew, never deigning to bestow a word of pity or look of compassion on their helpless young